

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 200 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

- Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Say true!
Straightforward and true!
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

MOPSA'S FIRST MOUSE.

By Louella C. Poole.
O, how excited at our house
Was our Mopsa, caught a mouse.
For it was her first mouse, you see,
And she was proud as proud could be,
And for that reason, Mopsa, I think,
She thought a little seven-months kit
Should catch a mouse, just think of it!

When Uncle Jules poured her out
A steaming dish, that it might seem
A reward for labors done.
"Say, Mopsa, here, I'm sure of one—
That beats the what of Whistling!"
She always knew that she would do
Some splendid thing! said fond Aunt Lou.

There never was a braver cat,
Than Mopsa here, I'm sure of that—
To do all that at seven months old!
She's really worth her weight in gold!"

But Mopsa, though she was so proud,
Said not a word, but purred quite
loud.
Which, purr, interpreted, meant:
"Kind friends, you are so good to me,
Have given me home and bounteous
food."

One you boundless gratitude:
Henceforth there never shall intrude
Its hateful presence in this house
A thief rat or nibbling mouse.
But why was it on that day
You baged my ears, drove me away,
And called me "horrid little cat?"

Because I caught a nice, sleek, fat
Ground-sparrow, kindly tell me that?
I saw a man with smoking gun
Kill many sparrows, and I thought,
I heard him say, the wicked thing,
And no one had a word to blame.
He is allowed to do all that,
While I, a little hungry cat,
Should meet such punishment because
I was obeying Nature's laws;

A mouse tastes very good to me—
Likewise a bird, as you can see?"

Could Uncle Jules and Uncle Art
And proud Aunt Lou so fond of heart
Have understood our Mopsa's plan?
How puzzled to have answered her,
They would have been, I rather guess,
For 'twas a puzzle—
—Our Dumb Animals.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

"Every Wide-Awake looks up to the sky, but doesn't see any sky as men used to, because it is all space and so far as we know there is no sky at all. In old times they did not know the moon was quarter of a million miles away and that the sun (our star) is ninety-three million miles away, or that it took light traveling at the rate of 187,000 miles a second eight minutes and twenty seconds to reach the earth."

When this was found out man had a way of measuring any distance in space, and they found suns like ours so far away that it takes 40 years for the light from them to reach the earth a distance so far it cannot be expressed in figures so they say it is 40-light years' distant. And the nearest star is Alpha Centauri, it is distant 26,000,000 miles and it takes the light of it 3 1/2 years to reach the earth.

And up in the sky, at a point in the Milky Way there is a hole, the star-gazers tell us, that is two hundred millions of miles wide, and the sun and all its planets can pass through it with safety, and they take a space of over one hundred and seventy-five million miles.

Uncle Jed does not know whether a ray of light can beat electricity in a race around the world, but it can cover the distance seven and a half times in a second.

And this sun of ours and all its planets makes a journey around Arcurus, a greater sun once in 40,000 years.

And how do we know the measure of speed is correct? Because a great astronomer figured the speed of Venus

and found it was 22 miles a second.

And this sun of ours and all its planets makes a journey around Arcurus, a greater sun once in 40,000 years.

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and calculated when it would cross the face of the sun 100 years before it happened, and it arrived on the very day—only four hours off the time fixed.

Uncle Jed loves to look up and enjoy the glory of the night, and to think these same stars were looked up to by the Saviour and all of the prophets—that they must have shed their light over the Garden of Eden.

It is not surprising that the psalmist looked up in wonder and wrote "In the heavens is the throne of God."

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Jessie L. Brehaut, of White Plains, The Ocean Wireless Boys of the Iceberg Patrol.

2—Mortense P. Vallette, of Baltimore, Lost in the Great Dismal Swamp.

3—The Adelman, of Yantic—The Camp Fire Girls Go Hunting.

4—Esther Brass, of Yantic—The Bobbery Twins at the Seashore.

5—The Bobbery Twins, of Versailles—With Trapper Jim in the North Woods.

6—Pelagia Kurtz, of Yantic—The Last Time I Saw My Father.

7—John McDowell, of Stonington—The Boy Scouts With the Allies in France.

8—G. Lewis, of Stonington—The Boy Scouts On the Plain.

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION.

Annie Shebitz, of Yantic—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me, "The Boy Scouts On the Plain."

On the Houseboat—I have read it through and found it very interesting.

Alice Purcell, of Colchester—I received your prize book, "The Boy Scouts On the Plain," and found it very interesting.

Many thanks to Uncle Jed for all the nice books he has sent me.

Esther Brass, of Yantic—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me, "The Boy Scouts On the Plain."

Antoinette Markowitz, of Baltimore—I thank you very much for the prize book I received from you. It is the best I have ever read.

Katherine Gorman, of Versailles—I received the nice prize book you sent me, "The Boy Scouts On the Plain."

I have read it through and found it very interesting. I thank you ever so much for it.

Pelagia Kurtz, of Yantic—I thank you for the nice prize book you sent me. I have read it through and found it very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

A Visit to a Sugar Plantation.

New Orleans is one of the chief sugar markets of the United States.

There are many sugar plantations in Louisiana, and some are as large as the state of New York.

There are vast sugar plantations near New Orleans. There are scores of them, and some are as large as the state of New York.

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corner of the fine old structure was the poet's study. From its windows there came the soft murmur of the "silent river" (his verse), together with the undulating hills of Brooklyn and the sound of the city below.

The waste paper basket used by Tom Moore, and the chair given to the poet by the Saviour and all of the prophets—that they must have shed their light over the Garden of Eden.

It is not surprising that the psalmist looked up in wonder and wrote "In the heavens is the throne of God."

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get home, and it was growing dark; but they kept on walking.

Soon it was dark and they were still in the woods. The farther they walked the deeper they had gone into the woods.

All at once one of the girls whispered: "See, there is a light in the distance."

All the children looked and there they saw two men coming towards them. They were very much frightened because they were alone in the woods and they thought the men were robbers.

Nearer and nearer came the men. Then one of the children recognized that one of the men was her father.

When the men came up to the children they were very happy, because they could get home.

The two men were the fathers of the children, who had gone to look for them when they saw that the children didn't come home.

PELLAGIA KURTZ, Age 13.

Yantic.

Julius.

Did any of the Wide-Awakes ever see a man with a white star in his face and a white stocking on his left hind foot?

The next story was Hudson's, and it was a very interesting one. It was about a man who was a very good swimmer.

She had three associates who were very good swimmers. They were very good swimmers, and they were very good swimmers.

When I was a boy I was very good at swimming. I was very good at swimming, and I was very good at swimming.

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TOMMY TIDD.

What Tommy Tidd says:

"I think you are old enough and another thing, you don't have to do it all at once, little by little, and it will be done."

Johnnie thought if I don't have to do it all at once, I will do it all at once. The next day Johnnie began to work with a will. He worked and worked each day. He made two or three paths until he was done.

"Oh," said Johnnie, "if I had a sled I would have some fun sliding down the hill. It's a pity I can't!"

When Mr. Smith came home he brought a sled for Johnnie. What do you think it was? It was a beautiful sled. It was a steering sled, with a ball on the stem. Its body was painted yellow with shiny runners.

When Johnnie saw the sled he was so happy that he jumped for joy. But when Johnnie saw the name of the sled (Little by Little) in large black letters he understood and said:

"It was worth while making the path. Papa did not forget me. When Johnnie's friends saw the words, 'Little by Little' they wondered what it meant. It was a very good name. The boys were all happy when they heard the story. But I think of all of them, because he wished he would have a sled and he did get one."

HELEN KURTZ, Age 12.

Yantic.

Scott Newgate's Adventures in Arizona.

Charlie Lawton and Scott Newgate of Silverton, New Jersey, had decided to take a vacation through the West.

They had gotten as far as Red Rock, Arizona, about twenty miles from Tucson.

They were employed in the office of The Golden Eagle Mining Company.

During their stay they had built an automobile.

They were out walking one day when Charlie slipped and fell; the first thing that Scott knew about it was a fall from the car.

Scott turned around and saw a hole. Thinking only of his chum he jumped into the hole. Swinging on his hands he saw a large cave with veins of gold on the wall, going to another chamber he saw a faint streak of light following him.

He was outside and from there they walked to their cabin.

That night Scott could not sleep. He woke up about two o'clock and thought he would take a little walk in the moonlight.

Unconsciously he sauntered towards the scene of the other afternoon's episode. He saw Johnnie's tracks, a well known to him, the fastest automobile in Arizona. His first thought was that Scott was going to jump the claim, say he had discovered the mine and make it out in his own name.

In the morning Scott got into the "Sand Bug" and called his automobile to make out the papers for him. He saw Charlie's tracks, and he just made out the claim papers when Scott arrived to find that his evil design had been detected.

Charlie Lawton and Scott Newgate worked on the claim during the summer and in the fall they returned to Silverton, they entered Princeton.

FREDERICK CUSHMAN, Age 13.

Stonington.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Cruelty to Animals.

Dear Uncle Jed: One dreary, cold winter night a poor, jet black kitten came to our door and begged for food. The owner having put it out in the snow to find its own food. I let it in and gave it some food. I did not let her out that night, but the next day would not make her leave the house, so she stayed.

A few weeks ago on a Sunday afternoon about 5 o'clock she went out. In less than half an hour she came back with an injured back, a cruel dog was teasing her. He bit her back so she could not get up. She was very like this. Slowly the wound healed up, but not good.

Least was she became sick again and died. Now don't you think some of these cruel dogs ought to be done away with instead of a poor harmless cat?

UNDESIGNED.

The Discovery of New Haven.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once there were two little girls. Their names were Lillie and Violet. They were very beautiful and very kind. They were very good at swimming. I was very good at swimming, and I was very good at swimming.

When they were very young they were very good at swimming. I was very good at swimming, and I was very good at swimming.

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